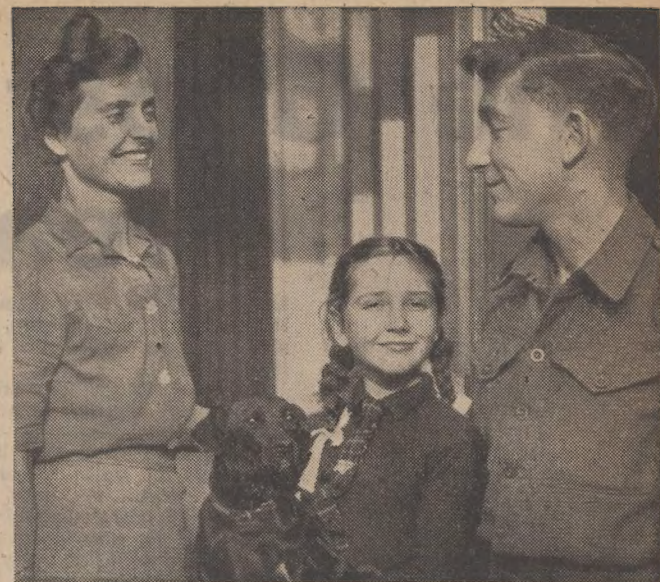


Good Morning 530

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

SMILE OF PROUD MOTHER for E.R.A. J. Ferneyhough

THIS picture should bring at Brokenhurst with the secondary school, and Guy (11) E.R.A. J. Ferneyhough, of 184, Devonshire-avenue, Southsea, where else when our photographer called. Sorry we could not "capture" all the family, Jim, but as you know Alan (14) is still the Western Front, helping to



"Weather Squadron goes into Action"

SPEAKING in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister referred to the fact that our invasion weather was the worst in forty years. Thus we are reminded how the vagaries of the weather may upset or jeopardise man's plans, and that gives us the measure of the importance of scientific weather control.

Will man ever conquer that trickster the weather? We shiver when we should be basking; we are warm when we should feel the icy fingers of winter.

There are two main problems that face the challenger of the weather. First, to cause rain to fall; secondly, to fend off unwanted wet.

Like some other marvels of our time, the harnessing of the sun and the rain clouds may be nearer attainment than they appear.

The first attempts were made some twenty or more years ago at Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada. The writer watched the performance. The inventor, from a platform, discharged a chemical into the air, a sort of vapour.

When rain followed the farmers believed; when it did not, they were sceptical. Their second guess was right. It was weather as usual.

Later experiments have been far more important, more scientific, too.

When rain clouds mask the sunshine as an overhead canopy, we are living under a water roof. Its lightness keeps it aloft. Sooner or later minute particles penetrate the cloud masses from the earth. Then tiny drops of water in suspense attract these particles and make of them a solid core. Weight does the rest: it rains.

Rainfall is brought about by other means—temperature, for example. But always the actual downfall involves the coalescing of the watery vapour into large, heavy raindrops.

Now, if science could make these raindrops fall by some artificial means, then it could make the clouds discharge their water when and where it would.

Every drop of water in every cloud is electrically charged with positive or negative electricity. Seizing on this fact, a South African scientist suggested that in cases of drought aeroplanes should fly high and discharge electrified sand.

Results have been very promising, but are not as yet regarded as conclusive. Rain has been made to fall in this way, but large-scale operations would present a good many difficulties, obviously.

But just how this discovery may one day affect the British Isles may best be appreciated by bearing in mind the source whence the bulk of our rain comes, namely, from the Western Ocean, with its prevailing easterly winds.

When man controls the weather he will also control climate and the whole face of the earth may be changed says JOHN ENGLAND

Maybe the day will come sooner than we think when we shall tune in and hear something like this: "The Sunshine Squadrons left the meteorological aerodromes today at eleven British standard time for an engagement off the west coast of Eire. Brilliant sunshine may be expected tomorrow."

Out over rain-sodden England will go the weather aeroplanes, across watery Eire and out to sea. Before them the purple and blue battalions of the eastward-moving rain clouds will loom up.

Up will go the machines into bright sunshine, and then down will go those innocuous, beneficent lilliput bombs, the sand that will precipitate the rain into the ocean before it reaches England.

In other words, the day may come when we shall handle bad weather over the ocean before it reaches us.

There is yet another scientific method whereby considerable parts of the earth's surface might have its weather characteristics transformed.

It is true that the prevailing easterly winds of the Atlantic bring us our rain. But there is also another factor in the determination of the English climate, namely, the Gulf Stream. The Gulf Stream sweeps from the Caribbean Sea up the coast of America until it meets the cold waters drifting south down the Labrador coast. It then turns towards the east, and eventually washes our shores with its warm water. If the Gulf Stream should, or

could, be deflected, the British climate could be completely transformed.

Without that warm stream washing our western shores, the climate of Britain would be extremely cold, like that of large parts of the Dominion of Canada. London would be like Montreal, with clear blue skies and a very low temperature.

But how, it may be asked, could the Gulf Stream be deflected? Engineers and meteorologists say the job would be simple. It would involve cutting Florida in two where it projects down towards the West Indies.

Such a surgical operation of the earth's face would be a trifle compared with the cutting of the Panama Canal.

The consequences of weather control, involving, as it would, climate control to a great extent, would have far-reaching consequences. One would be the modification of racial types as now distributed about the earth. It is a commonplace that climate affects types.

It also affects the fecundity of the fruits of the earth. An England with a conditioned climate would not suffer from crop failures due to rain at harvest time, and the appropriate dosage of sunlight could be administered to produce maximum crops of fine quality.

Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

"HE puts over his cracks so fast he tires me out." Thus the comment of a friend who was among the audience at a Bob Hope camp show.

To appreciate Bob to the full you must possess something of his zest in life, his quickness to see the funny side of the most trifling incident.

I have heard Bob Hope described as a draught of champagne, and that's not far from the truth. He is one of the most "alive" persons in the entertainment world, and his energy must be well-nigh inexhaustible.

Just a small part of some of his war entertainment tours would be sufficient for many well-known stars. But on he goes, popping up in the most outlandish places in different parts of the world to give shows to Service men.

In fact, since the war started, his appearances at home have been so infrequent that his two adopted children are apt to regard him as a stranger. "And I have to start all over again being a father to them," cracks Bob.

You've heard him making all sorts of wise-cracks about his age when appearing with Frances Langford, but actually he's 40. He was born in Eltham,



Bing Crosby has just signed a new contract which will keep him in films until 1954.

Kent, one of seven sons, and was christened Leslie Townes Hope. Later, Leslie became Lester, and later still he became just plain Bob.

From that day he never looked back. From vaudeville he went into musical comedy. Then he hit the radio world in a big way before going into films. Now his income from both is at a very high level.

Unlike many other stars, who are vague in business matters, Bob knows how to handle his affairs. His early twenties saw him in the vaudeville business. One

Although all his radio scripts are carefully prepared by experts, anything is likely to happen when Bob gets going before the microphone. Set lines are apt to be forgotten as his natural wit bubbles to the top.

Best friend is Bing Crosby. When the two get together in films the script is about the last thing they think about.

AND talking of Bing, he's just signed a new contract with Paramount Pictures for ten straight years, which makes all other contracts of all other stars look like small change.

Crosby has the final say over story director, leading lady, songs, and publisher of songs. The crooner has been on the screen since 1930, and, with this contract, will be on it until 1954.

He is one of the most popular people in Hollywood, and very much the family man with his wife, Dixie, and their four sons.

All the money—and it is plenty—is in the hands of the Crosbys. Brother Everett is Bing's manager; brother Larry directs the Crosby vaudeville troupe; brother Bob takes over the radio programme when Bing is away; and Bing's father manages the property. Crosby does take charge of his own race-horses, but they invariably lose.

He has made millions, and has saved a good proportion from his film earnings and from the revenue from his gramophone records and radio programmes. He insists: "Of course, I can't act."

HOLLYWOOD'S gain was a grand opera's loss when Bing Crosby came to films. And that's the considered opinion of no less an authority than Rise

Marines—and a very good choice, too.

Guy will probably be passing into the secondary school next year, and now there will be no need for him to leave Portsmouth like his brother.

After all, "there's no place like home," and we are all glad that the Government has given its official blessing to the return of the evacuees.

Remember the happy time you were all able to spend together last Christmas, Jim?

Sorry the peace reunion hasn't come along yet, but meantime you will know that the thoughts of all at Devonshire-avenue are with Dan and the boys.

A NEW EPOCH

IT is a new epoch in the history of mankind—the coming together of the 44 United Nations working every week to develop more joint co-operation, to pool resources, direct production, and arrange distribution in the most efficient manner for the common good. These methods and habits of co-operation must continue after the war for the elimination of unemployment, want and poverty.

Sir Edgar R. Jones (World Trade Alliance).

Stevens, leading mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, who rises at this point to declare that Bing could easily have been a Metropolitan star himself if he had wanted to!

"She's exaggerating," broke in Bing. "I could never sing opera. I just haven't got the pipes."

"Don't let him kid you," insisted Rise Stevens. "He could sing any baritone role ever written. He has the voice, he has the range, and he certainly has the staying power. I never knew anyone who could keep it up as much and as effortlessly as Bing does. I found that out when we toured together with the Victory Caravan."

The two co-star in Leo McCarey's new Paramount production, "Going My Way," in which Bing plays a song-writing priest and Miss Stevens portrays an old school friend who has now become an opera star and who helps him make a success of his music and of a boys' choir which he has organised.

"If you doubt the Crosby versatility," went on Rise, "you should listen to him sing 'Ave Maria' and 'Silent Night' with the choir, then go into some of the Johnny Burke-Jimmy van Heusen ballads, such as the title song. And don't forget that in his recording Bing has shown what he could do with such numbers as 'A Ballad for Americans.'"

"He likes to protest that he's not on a plane with the operatic baritones, but he certainly is. Ask anyone who knows music and who has heard Bing do more than 'Hit Parade' numbers. I just wish he'd come to the Metropolitan in November and sing the baritone parts with me in 'Carmen,' 'Mignon' and 'Der Rosenkavalier.'"

"You see, I told you I couldn't do it," Crosby had the final word. "I don't speak any of those languages."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Ghost wants Breakfast

FOR the next two days the wind was against them, and they made but little progress. Mrs. Harbolt spent most of her time on deck, thereby confining her husband to his evil-smelling quarters below. Matters were not improved for him by his treatment of the crew, who, resenting his rough treatment of them, were doing their best to starve him into civility. Most of the time he kept in his bunk—or rather Jemmy's bunk—a prey to despondency and hunger of an acute type, venturing on deck only at night to prowling uneasily about and bemoan his condition.

On the third night Mrs. Harbolt was later in retiring than usual, and it was nearly midnight before the skipper, who had been indignantly waiting for her to go, was able to get on deck and hold counsel with the mate.

"I've done what I could for you," said the latter, fishing a crust from his pocket, which Harbolt took thankfully. "I've

told her all the yarns I could think of about people turning up after they was buried and the like."

"What'd she say?" queried the skipper eagerly, between his bites.

"Told me not to talk like that," said the mate; "said it showed a want o' trust in Providence to hint at such things. Then I told her what you asked me about the locket, only I made it a bracelet worth ten pounds."

"That pleased her?" suggested the other hopefully.

The mate shook his head. "She said I was a born fool to believe you'd been robbed of it," he replied. "She said what you'd done was to give it to one o' them pore females. She's been going

on frightful about it all the afternoon—won't talk o' nothing else."

"I don't know what's to be done," groaned the skipper despondently. "I shall be dead afore we get to port if this wind holds. Go down and get me something to eat George; I'm starving."

"Everything's locked up, as I told you before," said the mate.

"As the master of this ship," said the skipper, drawing himself up, "I order you to go down and get me something to eat. You can tell the missis it's for you if she says anything."

"I'm hanged if I will," said the mate sturdily. "Why don't you go down and have it out with her like a man? She can't eat you."

"I'm not going to," said the other shortly. "I'm a determined man, and when I say a thing I mean it. It's going to be broken to her gradual, as I said; I don't want her to be scared, poor thing."

"I know who'd be scared the most," murmured the mate.

The skipper looked at him fiercely, and then sat down wearily on the hatches with his hands between his knees, rising, after a time, to get the dipper and drink copiously from the water-cask. Then, replacing it with a sigh, he bade the mate a surly good-night and went below.

To his dismay he found when he awoke in the morning that what little wind there was had dropped

in the night, and the billy-boy was just rising and falling lazily on the water in a fashion most objectionable to an empty stomach. It was the last straw, and he made things so uncomfortable below that the crew were glad to escape on deck, where they squatted down in the bows, and proceeded

below ill. Say you think I'm dying," responded the infant Machiavelli, "then you'll see something if you keep your eyes open."

He went below again, not without a little nervousness, and,



"Why ever didn't you tell me that wasn't a telephone booth?"

"You'd better stay in bed and have your breakfast brought down here, then," said the skipper kindly.

"I don't want no breakfast," said Jem faintly.

"That's no reason why you shouldn't have it sent down, you unfeeling little brute," said the skipper indignantly. "You tell Joe to bring you down a great plate o' cold meat and pickles, and some coffee; that's what you want."

"All right, sir," said Jemmy. "I hope they won't let the missus come down here, in case it's something catching. I wouldn't like her to be took bad."

"Eh?" said the skipper, in alarm. "Certainly not. Here, you go up and die on deck. Hurry up with you."

"I can't; I'm too weak," said Jemmy.

"You get up on deck at once; d'ye hear me?" hissed the skipper, in alarm.

"I c-c-c-can't help it," sobbed Jemmy, who was enjoying the situation amazingly. "I b'lieve it's sleeping on the hard floor's snapped something inside me."

"If you don't go I'll take you," said the skipper, and he was about to rise to put his threat into execution when a shadow fell across the opening, and a voice, which thrilled him to the core, said softly, "Jemmy!"

"Yes'm?" said Jemmy languidly, as the skipper flattened himself in his bunk and drew the clothes over him.

"How do you feel?" inquired Mrs. Harbolt.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 529

6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? — Unparalleled, Embarrassment, Harassed, Gauging, Symmetry.

1. Military cap.
2. Lyonesse; Camelot.
3. Frog has moist skin, webbed toes, teeth; toads have dry skin, scarcely webbed toes, no teeth.
4. Chief Constable.
5. To polarise light; made of calcite (Iceland spar).
6. Plato was a Greek; others German.

1. A caber is a flower-bud used as a spice, a pole used by athletes, a hammer used by road-menders?

2. How many woods can you think of containing the letter B?

3. What is tantalus?

4. What name is given to a herd of rhinoceroses?

5. What strait separates Tasmania from Australia?

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THEY are preparing in the Civil Service for the end of the war, writes Trevor Evans in the "Daily Express." Sir John Anderson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, will receive shortly, for submission to the Government, the plans for the post-war Civil Service. Finishing touches are now being added by a joint committee set up a year ago.

It is estimated that the Civil Service will have 30,000 permanent jobs to offer when the war ends. This does not mean that the present strength of the Civil Service at slightly more than 700,000 is going to increase. Behind the appointment of more "permanents" a great change-over is anticipated.

So many war-time temporary civil servants are eager to throw up their jobs that approval of a scheme for a long-term Essential Work Order, tying civil servants to their jobs for some years after the war, has been abandoned.

Women, the authorities believe, will insist on returning to their homes. Then, among the executive and administrative grades are specialists who want to go back to their own jobs and to the firms who loaned them to the Government.

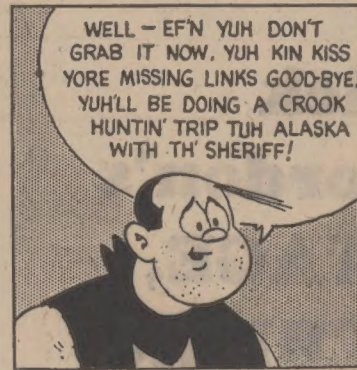
THEIR jobs will be taken, first, by the 150,000 civil servants now in the Forces, who are having their Service pay made up to civilian level.

Recruitment to permanent staffs has been suspended during the war, but the number of temporaries engaged nears the 300,000 mark.

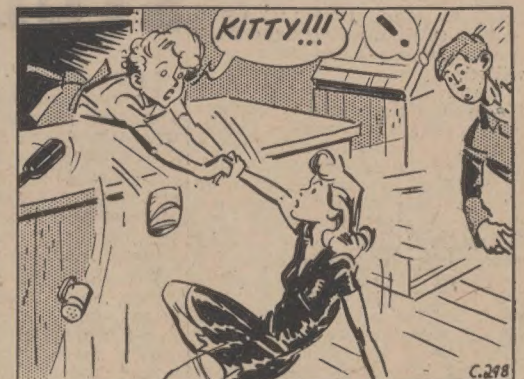
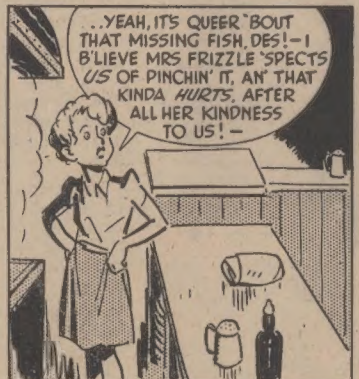
Even to-day, two out of every five civil servants are under 30. Most of them are women, and many, especially in Inland Revenue, where the introduction of the pay-as-you-earn system has led to a great increase in staff, are in their teens.

Other departments which have increased in size during the last six months are the Savings Department (where there is still a shortage of staff), the Assistance Board, the War Damage Commission, and the Pensions Ministry.

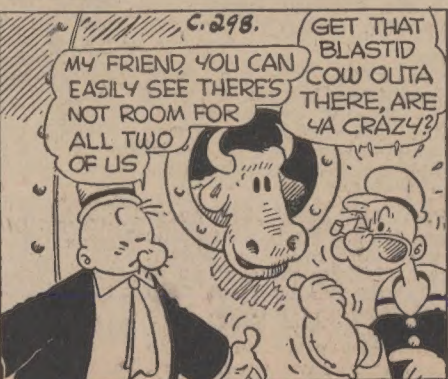
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

469

1. Insert consonants in: *O*E**I*U* and **O*E*Y and get two classical astronomers.
2. Here are two birds whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
ORTANC — RAPOUT.
3. If "catapult" is the "cat of munitions," what is the cat of (a) Collections, (b) Musicians?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 468

1. HERCULES, ULYSSES.
2. LOCUST — GLOWWORM.
3. (a) Slight, (b) Flight.
4. D-over, New-have-n.

JANE

AFTER THE INQUEST

(Continued from Page 2)

"Bad all over," said Jemmy. "Oh, don't come down, mum—please don't."

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Harbolt tartly, as she came slowly and carefully down backwards. "What a dark hole this is, Jemmy. No wonder you're ill. Put your tongue out."

Jemmy complied.

"I can't see properly here," murmured the lady, "but it looks very large. S'pose you go in the other bunk, Jemmy. It's a good bit higher than this, and you'd get more air and be more comfortable altogether."

"Joe wouldn't like it, mum," said the boy anxiously. The last glimpse he had had of the skipper's face did not make him yearn to share his bed with him.

"Stuff an' nonsense!" said Mrs. Harbolt hotly. "Who's Joe, I'd like to know? Out you come."

"I can't move, mum," said Jemmy firmly.

"Nonsense!" said the lady.

"I'll just put it straight for you first, then in it you go."

"No, don't, mum," shouted Jemmy, now thoroughly alarmed at the success of his plot. "There, there's a gentleman in that bunk. A gentleman we brought from London for a change of sea air."

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated the surprised Mrs. Harbolt. "I never did. Why, what's he had to eat?"

"He—he didn't want nothing to eat," said Jemmy, with a woeful disregard for facts.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired Mrs. Harbolt, eyeing the bunk curiously. "What's his name? Who is he?"

"He's been lost a long time," said Jemmy, "and he's forgotten who he is—he's a oldish man with a red face an' a little white whisker all round it—a very nice-looking man, I mean, he interposed hurriedly. "I don't think he's quite right in his head, 'cos he says he ought to have been buried instead of someone else. Oh!"

The last word was almost a scream, for Mrs. Harbolt, staggering back, pinched him convulsively.

"Jemmy!" she gasped, in a trembling voice, as she suddenly remembered certain mysterious hints thrown out by the mate. "Who is it?"

"The captain!" said Jemmy, and, breaking from her clasp, slipped from his bed and darted hastily on deck, just as the pallid face of his commander broke through the blankets and beamed anxiously on his wife.

* * * * *

Five minutes later, as the crew gathered aft were curiously eyeing the foc's'le, Mrs. Harbolt and the skipper came on deck. To the great astonishment of the mate, the eyes of the redoubtable woman were slightly wet, and regardless of the presence of the men, she clung fondly to her husband as they walked slowly to the cabin. Ere they went below, however, she called the grinning Jemmy to her, and, to his private grief and

CHURCHES ON WHEELS

TWO mobile churches are attached to the British Army on the Western Front, mainly for the benefit of small units who have no regular chaplains of their own.

They are wheeled vehicles specially designed for the purpose and built in Army workshops, and before going on service were dedicated by the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Inside each there is room for a small congregation for a service of Holy Communion. Amplifying units carry the sound of recorded church bells and hymn tunes to soldier worshippers in field or orchard where the church halts for a service.

One has been seen frequently at the Tactical Headquarters of Field-Marshal Montgomery, who, along with other British and American Generals, has attended the services. Whenever the normal agencies of the church are out of reach to the Field-Marshal, who is unfailing in his observance of worship, he sends a signal to the Chaplain's Department: "Please send St. George's mobile church to me on Sunday."

The exteriors of both churches have the familiar green camouflage.

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

END

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Hit high. 5 Diminished. 10 Tumb't. 11 Give medicine to.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10								
12				13	14			
15				16		17		
		18			19			
20	21			22			23	24
			25			26		
27		28				29		30
31				32		33		
34				35				
36						37		

CLUES DOWN. 1 Turned ship towards wind. 2 Precious stone. 3 Loyal helper. 4 Trunk. 5 Curve. 6 Suit. 7 Weights. 8 Guard. 9 Consider. 14 Dive. 16 Boy's name. 19 Silence. 21 Singular. 23 Counsel. 24 Irregular line. 25 Thong for dogs. 26 Roamer. 27 Saucy. 28 Flat boat. 30 Boy's name. 32 Corn spike.

12 Equitable. 13 Opportunity. 15 Meat. 17 Surrey town. 18 Sweetmeat. 20 Failure. 22 Noxious. 23 Women "Terriers." 25 Myth. 27 Musician. 29 Wanderer. 31 State equality of. 33 Mud. 34 Sprints. 35 Tree. 36 Restricting rope. 37 Array.

STABLE SLAP
HOVE VACATE
ENIGMA RITE
RED ADMIRAL
IS GLEAM I
F PET SPANK
FAUN COST A
BRECON TAN
SOLVED BIDS
IDEAL MARIA
PER TARGETS

RUGGLES

HE SEEMED TO BE YELLING LUSTILY ENOUGH—WONDER HOW MAISIE IS?

THE NURSE WILL SNAP YOUR HEAD OFF IF YOU GO UP THERE—BETTER WAIT A BIT LONGER!

WAH! WAH!

HE'S HAVING A DARNED GOOD CRY—GOT A GOOD PAIR OF LUNGS!

THEY'RE GETTING ON WELL—YOU CAN GO IN THERE IN A MINUTE!

WHAT IS IT, NURSE, A BOY OR A GIRL?

BOTH—TWINS!

OH!

STEADY!—OLD MAN STEADY!

GARTH

GARTH HAS BEEN CONDEMNED TO THE BLOCK BY THE YORKISTS ...

.. ON TOWER HILL ...

HE LOOKS ROUND FOR A FRIENDLY FACE IN THE CROWD AND SEES ...

JUST JAKE

HEAVENS—HOW HANDSOME HE IS!

ER—FARES PLEASE!

COME, ME LIMPID LITTLE LOLLIPOP... HOW CAN YOU DISCUSS SO BORDID A SUBJECT AS SHEKELS WHEN MY HEART IS BEATING LIKE A BUZZ-BOMB IN FULL FLIGHT?

OH, SIR!—HOW FAR ARE YOU GOING?

WHO KNOWS, ME CUDDLESOME LITTLE CARAMEL—WHO KNOWS?

CENSOR GETS HIS SECOND WIND

WITH never a sign of flagging—so strong is his sense of duty—the censor keeps manfully to his homework.

Try this one, his latest, on the old guitar:—

"Where have you been all the day, My boy Willie?"

"I've been all the day A— of a lady gay;

But, oh! she's too young To be taken from her mammy."

A pretty thought, a quaint conceit, we humbly submit. To realise that an enforced separation from her mother would not be in the best interests of the "lady gay," shows that Willie has a nice nature—to say the least.



"Will you give me a room and a bath?"

Alex Cracks

Tommy: "I want another box of those pills like I got for mother yesterday."

Chemist: "Did your mother say they were good?"

Tommy: "No, but they just fit my air-gun."

Good Morning



When José was a baby she knew what she wanted. She wanted to ride — any animal on the farm that would let her! So Dad bought her a donkey for her second birthday. Now she is grown up (anyway, she's turned three), José dreams of spangles and tights and riding bare-back in the circus. And this is the circus star getting there!



Esther Williams, M.G.M. mermaid, long ago decided that Submariners were the only men in the world for her. So she practised her swimming — in case she ever had to walk home, as she says now — to such good purpose that she became swimming star at the San Francisco World's Fair. Which shows what love can do. Or does it?



THIS ENGLAND. A homestead nestles in a wooded hollow surrounded by the wide fields that annually feel the breasting thrust of the plough. From seed time to harvest, those fields present an ever-changing back-drop that no scenic artist can hope to rival. This little corner of England is to be found near Chalfont St. Giles.



This pup was found, a picture of bewildered pathos, when a rescue craft pulled alongside a drifting wreck in the Atlantic. What a world of mingled hope and despair is in those eyes, what dejection in the drooping ears.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Howdy, castaway! Chin up, chopper."

